THRILLING EXPERIENCES OF A 1st GEORGIA CAVALRYMAN

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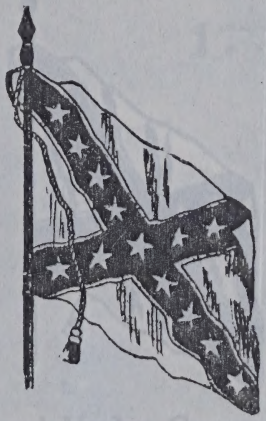

Special Scout Under General Wheeler

Three Months Inside the Federal Lines

BY

O. P. HARGIS

ROME, GA.

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PREFACE.

Before I begin to tell my readers my experience in the Civil War I will tell them something about the cause of the war, as I understand it. The North and the South had been at fever heat for a long time about State Rights and the slavery question. The Free States for a long time would allow slave-holders, when one of their slaves would run away and get across the line into a Free State, to come into that State and claim his property through a certain process of law and carry them back to their owner. After awhile they began to refuse to do that and that caused a great deal of trouble with the law-makers, and in 1860 the Democrats split up their tickets and put out three Democratic tickets for president. They put out Douglass and Johnson, Breckenridge and Lane, Bell and Everett; the Republican party, or Abolition party as they were called then, saw their chance and they put out Mr. Lincoln in the field to lead their ticket and the result was that Mr. Lincoln was elected the sixteenth president of the United States. That didn't meet with the approval of the Southern States, and in a short time our Southern representatives resigned their positions in Congress and in the Senate. Mr. Lincoln, after he was inaugurated President of the United States, the South organized and chose Mr. Davis as their leader and President of the Southern Confederacy The next step that was taken, South Carolina claimed that she had a right to withdraw from the Union and she was the first one to secede and all of the rest of the Southern States followed her example until there were thirteen States withdrawn from the Union. Mr. Lincoln saw the terrible situation of things and he was determined to preserve the Union and he made a call for seventy-five thousand

men, but the South did not heed to his call, but made similar calls for volunteers to defend what they thought they had a right to do under the Constitution. United States soldiers at Fort Sumter, in South Carolina; General Beauregard, who had joined the Southern cause, had under his command six hundred men at Charleston, South Carolina; General Beauregard was ordered by the Confederate government to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter and if refused, take it by force. He made the demand and was refused. Then General Beauregard anchored out a battery upon the waters free. It was the queerest looking thing you ever did see. It was the fall of Sumter, and I will tell you the reason why Beauregard's countersign was to "Root Hog or Die." The bombardment was so terrible that Colonel Anderson had to surrender the Fort, so that was the first battle of the war. Now I think this little sketch will show to my readers something about what caused the War Between the States and now I will proceed to tell my readers my experience in that war.

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

In writing this little book is to show the rising generation how people lived when I was a boy. I was born in 1846 on a farm near Cass Station, in old Cass County, now Bartow, near the Western & Atlantic Railroad. People in those days in the country lived in log houses as a general thing, and the kitchen in the yard. We had no stove then, but cooked on the fire-place in skillets and ovens and old-fashioned gridles. We lived hog-and-hominy style. They raised everything we consumed on the farm. My father was a hard-working man and taught his boys to work. There were five brothers of us and two sisters—all stout and healthy. When my father was about forty-five years old he began to lose his health; after awhile he got so he could not work on the farm. We boys cultivated the farm under his directions. One evening late father came out to the field where Brother Henry and Brother Dick were plowing and as they drove out to the end of the rows, father said: "Well, boys, you have done a good day's plowing; sit down and rest awhile." They sat down on the grass and father began to talk about different things. At last he said, "Boys, there is going to be a war and it is going to be a bad one; I won't live to see it, but you all will probably be in it, and if you are I want you to make good soldiers."

My father died in 1857, and the war that he spoke of broke out in 1861. Mr. Lincoln was elected President of the United States; the South would not agree to that and serve under his administration. They rebelled and claimed that they had a right to secede from the Union. They withdrew until there were thirteen States that withdrew from the Union. They began to raise companies and regi-

MY EXPERIENCE IN THE CIVIL WAR.

ments to fight against Mr. Lincoln's administration. After they got enough men in the field they sent them to different parts of the country to defend their borders.

The first gun was fired at Charleston, South Carolina, when we took Fort Sumter. Then the war commenced in earnest. The first one of us boys to volunteer was Brother Henry. He joined Company B, Phillip's Legion Cavalry, and went to Northern Virgina in 1861 under General Floyd. That left the rest of us to work and support a widowed mother. The war increased in fury and Brother Dick was the next to volunteer. He went to Virginia, joined Company B, Phillip's Legion, under General Stewart's Cavalry. My brother, T. V. Hargis, was shrewd enough to keep out of the war by hiring a substitute. That left myself and younger brother, J. F. Hargis, in charge of the farm; we did the best we could until May, '64. General Johnson's army had fallen back to Resacca. By that time I was eighteen years old and I told my heart-broken mother that I would have to leave her and go into the service. I began to make my arrangements to go to the front; my choice was the cavalry. Lieutenant Gilreath was at home on a furlough at that time. He came to our house one day. I told him that I wanted to come to his company and he said, "All right, when do you want to come?" I told him that I wanted to come right away. "Well, if you say so, I will muster you into the service now." I told him all right. He sat down by a little table and enrolled my name and mustered me in. I forget just how it was done. He went back to his regiment and I started in a few days. I told my mother that I would have to take the young horse that we had raised on the farm, and she said all right. I fixed up my saddle and blankets and haversack ready to start to the front next morning. I bid my mother goodbye, mounted my horse and started

When I arrived at Calhoun I could hear the booming of artillery. I arrived at Resacca about three o'clock in

the evening and found the First Georgia Cavalry camped just below Resacca on this side of the river. The boys that belonged to the company that I enlisted in were all glad to see me, for I knew a great many of them. I selected my mess-mates. They consisted of the following names: Alfred Buford, Lang Smith, Mathew McDonald, a brother of the McDonald Furniture Company of Rome, Georgia. Alfred Buford and Lang Smith slept together; Mathew McDonald and myself together until he was captured at Robertsville, S. C. After the fight we were ordered back to our horses. You don't know how sad I felt when I saw that my trusted companion's saddle was empty. I did not know whether he was killed or captured and never found out until the war ended and he came home from prison.

I will turn your attention back to Resacca and relate my thrilling experience frrom that place to Greensboro, N. C., where we surrendered. General Joseph E. Johnson was entrenched around Resacca on the other side of the river. He was in a very close place, General Sherman in his front and the river behind them, and only one bridge to cross on. One morning I thought I would go up on the hill near the river and see what was going on. While I was up there by myself I saw a Federal column of infantry four deep massing their forces to attack Johnson. I saw the Sixth Georgia Cavalry, led by Colonel Hart, make a charge across the river bottom to gain some breastworks on the bank of the river. The Federals were behind some breastworks on the other side and saw our men coming and they raised up to pour a deadly fire into the regiment and the regiment dropped to the ground as the Federals fired on them. My heart fairly sank within me. I thought that they had killed the last one of them. They all rose and went on into the breastworks, and when they got to the works the Federals left their works in confusion. Colonel Hart jumped on top of the breastworks and waved his hat. There were several

of the regiment wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Fane was mortally wounded, so that he died.

The Battle of Resacca was fought and both sides lost heavily, but they never broke Johnson's line. That night General Johnson retreated across the river and went in the direction of Calhoun. General Wheeler threw his cavalry in between Johnson and Sherman to cover his retreat until Johnson made his next stand.

We had a hard time. We were almost continually fighting. I carried fence rails, making temporary breastworks, until I never wanted to see another fence rail.

A man by the name of Bob Smith, that came to our company as a recruit, told the boys that he would be killed the first fight that he got into. They laughed at him and told him that was all a notion to think that, but you could not make him believe otherwise. Somewhere on the retreat from Resacca to Calhoun our company was standing in a group on a little knoll in a field waiting for the Federals, and Smith told Lieutenant Glasgo that if we had a fight there he would be killed. Lieutenant Glasgo told Smith if he thought that as strong as he did he would go to the rear. He said no, the boys would say that he was a coward. He stuck to his post. The Federals flanked around us through the woods and were almost in the field in our rear. We had to get out of there in a hurry. As we ran out the Federals fired on us and, sure enough, Bob Smith fell from his horse the first fire, mortally wounded. We were in such a close place we could not carry him off the field, and he was left in the hands of the enemy. We learned that he died the next day. He was the only man that was hit.

When we fell back to Calhoun our company formed a line of battle in the lower edge of town and threw a heavy skirmish line in the town, and orders were given to reinforce the skirmish line. Bud Jenkins, who belonged to my company, was detailed to go on the skirmish line, and his Brother Jim told him that he would take

his place and stepped to the front. A braver soldier never fired a gun than Jim Jenkins. After awhile the skirmish line was ordered in, and we went back to our horses and started down the Calhoun and Adairsville road, but we did not go far before we caught up with some infantry. The infantry didn't like the cavalry, and as we passed along by them a little fellow with his knapsack on his back looked up at me and said, "You humped-back cavalry, you think you are very fine. Show me some of your sort and I will show you some of mine."

Johnson made a partial stand at the Gravel House, above Adairsville, and formed a line of battle. Our cavalry formed across a field behind a fence row and Cheatham's Division of Infantry came up and formed right behind us. Johnson and Sherman had a heavy artillery duel. We lay there the balance of the evening under a heavy fire of artillery. We had many killed and wounded. That evening I thought the sun never would go down. About half an hour by the sun we were ordered back to our horses and went into camp that night.

Johnson fell back in the direction of Cassville. Next morning our cavalry covered his retreat and we were skirmishing with them all day, and when we fell back to the McDow farm we built temporary breastworks across the field with fence rails.

While we were waiting for the Federals I went down to the McDow house and there I found Mrs. McDow standing in the smoke house door taking down fine hams and cutting them up for the soldiers. When I walked up she knew me and was glad to see me. Her two sons belonged to the same company that I did. After asking about the boys she cut me about four pounds of ham and gave it to me. I was glad to get it for I was hungry. I thanked her, told her goodbye and went back to the breastworks.

We were ordered back to our horses and we went in the direction of Cassville. Then orders came from General Wheeler to Lieutenant Gilreath, of our company, to

detail some one from his company to drive out all the surplus cattle from there to Cartersville. I was one that was detailed under Sergeant Neel, and we gathered up all the cattle that we could find and drove them out ahead of the army. At that time Johnson was entrenched at Cassville. When we got to the Cassville and Kingston road with our cattle, the road was full of infantry and artillery moving toward Cassville, and it was some time before we could get over or across the road. Sergeant Neel asked me if I could find a good place to put the cattle that night. I told him that I could.

We camped in a half of a mile from my home and after we went into camp I went up home and spent the night. My mother was so glad to see me she could not help crying for joy. And that night everything was in a perfect stir all night; people from Cassville were traveling all night getting what they had out ahead of the army. After a night's rest, I rose early next morning, saddled my horse and bid them all good bye, and as I went out of the gate I met some soldiers coming in. I told them that it was hard that I had to give up my home to the enemy; they seemed to sympathize with me. I went back to the camp and we drove our cattle on to Cartersville and turned them over to the army butchers. Johnson gave up his position at Cassville and fell back across the river at Cartersville and burned all the bridges behind him.

That gave us a little rest until Johnson made his next stand at New Hope, Dallas and Kennesaw Mountain. Sherman advanced across the river and Johnson intercepted him at these three places, then the fighting was terrible. Wheeler's Cavalry was busy guarding Johnson's flanks. There we had a pitched battle with General Wilder's Cavalry in a pouring rain on Noonday Creek, on the right of Kennesaw. We came very near capturing General Wilder when we were flanking around to attack him.

General Wheeler came very near losing his life by three of Wilder's cavalrymen that were out foraging. Our advance guard captured them and they were brought back to General Wheeler to know what to do with them and one of them drew his pistol to shoot General Wheeler. They had not been disarmed. After Johnson held Kennesaw as long as he could, he fell back to Smyrna and there made his next stand. Our cavalry covered his retreat. General Wheeler placed a heavy skirmish line at the foot of Kennesaw Mountain and I was one of the skirmishers. I could see the Federals on top of the mountain watching us. Then they threw out their skirmish lines and we had it hot and heavy from there to Smyrna.

During the day I came very near getting killed. I was walking along near the railroad; looking back I saw three Federals walking upon the railroad in about one hundred yards of me. I was in plain view of them, and as soon as they saw me they raised their guns and fired. As they fired the toe of my boot caught over my spur and I fell to the ground. When I fell they hollowed; they thought they had killed me, but they did not touch me. I jumped up, grabbed my gun and ran into the woods out of their sight.

After Johnson gave up his position at Smyrna, he crossed the Chattahoochee river. Our cavalry covered his retreat again, and we were hard pressed When we got to the river to cross on the pontoon bridge I thought that we would never get over on that little bridge, and the Federals shelling us while we were crossing. After we got across we cut the bridge loose and let it swing around on our side. Then we formed line of battle behind breastworks on our side of the river, and the Federals on the other side.

Sometimes we would get friendly and talk to each other across the river. Some evenings they would come down and play the band for us. And after they crossed the river they flanked around us and drove us out of our

positions. We fell back and lined up with Johnson around Atlanta. We were dismounted and placed in breastworks for some little time. While we were there, one day the Federals charged us three lines deep and drove us out of our works. There our Lieutenant Colonel Strickland was killed. And while we were around Atlanta our beloved Joseph E. Johnson was removed from his command and General Hood was put in his place. Then Hood began to lay his plans to attack Sherman and on the 22nd of July the great battle was fought between Hood's Army and Sherman and nothing was gained. Both sides lost heavily and they held their ground. Our cavalry fought the Twentieth Army Corps of Infantry of Sherman's Army at Decatur. When we made that famous charge into the town of Decatur. When we got into the public square three women ran out in the street and cheered us on; when General Allen saw them he ordered them to be taken into the cellar out of danger. I ran into the back yard of a hotel to get some water and while there I saw two big pones of egg bread on a stove in the kitchen, and I ran in and grabbed them out, took them on my arm and carried them on to my company. We drove the Federals out of Decatur, and we captured a good many prisoners that were hid around in the town during the time.

General Stowman had gone on a raid to Macon, Ga., and as soon as General Wheeler found it out he sent out our Brigade and one Kentucky Regiment under General Iverson after him. We traveled on a forced march until we met him trying to make his way back. He had been repulsed at Macon by the militia. We met at a place called Sunshine Church. General Iverson then attacked him at once. Stowman tried to break our lines by charging us mounted, but he failed to do so. Then he dismounted his men and we had it hot and heavy. We pushed our lines on to him and driving him back until he made his last stand. We reinforced our skirmish line

and I was detailed to go on the skirmish line. We went through a skirt of woods into the edge of an old field; then we saw one of Sherman's officers coming towards us with a white flag tied to a stick. The captain of the skirmish line ordered us to cease firing. The officer rode up to our line and asked where our commanding officer was. He was told that he was back with the line of battle. He said: "Send after him; General Stowman wishes to surrender." Colonel Cruise was commanding the fight; Colonel Iverson was sick and not on duty. Then Colonel Cruise and his staff came riding up to meet the Federal officer. They saluted each other and the officer told Colonel Cruise that General Stowman wished to surrender. Colonel Cruise said, "All right; I will go in and receive him." They rode back together and we followed on. When we got over the little hill there the Federals stood in line with their guns stacked in front of them and General Stowman sitting on his horse. Colonel Cruise rode up and saluted General Stowman. Stowman said that he preferred to surrender to General Iverson, but was refused by Colonel Cruise. After Colonel Cruise received General Stowman we all formed up in the road. Stowman's Adjutant General saw Colonel Butler of the Kentucky Regiment sitting on his horse. He said, "Hello, Colonel Butler; how do you do? I am glad to see you." They had gone to school together. Then the Adjutant went around among the officers and got a pair of fine English navy pistols and told him he would make him a present of them. Colonel Butler said: "Thank you, Sir. I hope I will do good service with them the next fight I get into." The Adjutant said, "Don't talk to me that way." Colonel Butler said, "I don't mean if you and I come in contact; I mean among your men." Then we said, "Three cheers for Colonel Cruise!" Then General Stowman hung his head. Stowman was a fine looking officer. Then we marched all the prisoners back through the battle ground to General Iverson's headquarters and

put a strong guard around the prisoners for the night.

The next day we started for Macon, and on our trip we had nothing to eat but roasting ears. We would stop by a corn field, go in and gather roasting ears, Federals and all; then we would build up fires and lay them on the fire, shuck and all, till they would cook. Then we would pull off the shuck and put salt on them and eat them all. The soldiers that were with us will remember that well, and when we got to Macon and delivered up the prisoners we went back and joined General Wheeler. Then, as well as I remember, we started on our raid to Tennessee. We went around through the mountains of Pickens and Murray Counties and on to Dalton. On that trip I saw an awful sight. Our soldiers caught two bushwhackers, or deserters, and they were ordered to hang them by the roadside and when we passed by they were hanging by their necks. It was a bad looking sight.

We then went on to Dalton, tore up the railroad and took a Fort garrisoned with negroes. We then came near Spring Place and camped. Next morning General Wheeler sent for our company to report to his headquarters. We saddled our horses and went to his headquarters. He was in a two-story house. We rode up to the gate and Lieutenant Gilreath dismounted and went in and stayed a while with General Wheeler; then he came out and told us to mount our horses and we rode off in the direction of Carter's quarters. Lieutenant Gilreath did not tell us at that time where we were going. We traveled the balance of the day, wondering among ourselves where we were going. When we got to Carter's quarters we camped for the night. That night Lieutenant Gilreath told us what our mission was and where we were going. He told us that he had orders from General Wheeler to operate on the Western & Atlantic Railroad from Cartersville to Calhoun. Inside of the Federal line it was a dangerous undertaking.

Now I will tell you, my readers, what a time we had

during the three months scouting inside of the Federal line in the rear of Sherman. We all trusted our gallant officers, Lieutenant Gilreath and Glasglow to carry us through, which they did, and we never lost a man. The first thing we did when we left Carter's quarters was to make our way to the McDow farm, on the railroad below Adairsville. When we got near that place we stayed in the woods until night; left our horses with a strong guard and made our way through the McDow farm to the railroad. Our aim was to tear up the track. We tried everything that we could get hold of to tear it up, but we could not move it. While we were trying to tear up the track we heard a train coming North. We all jumped over inside of a field, hid ourselves in the fence corners, and two trains passed up loaded with Federals. It may seem strange to my readers that we would let them pass and not fire into them, but our orders were from General Wheeler that we were not to fire a gun, unless we were compelled to to keep from being captured. After the trains had passed we started back to our horses.

When we got near the McDow house a man by the name of Cathcot asked Lieutenant Gilreath if he and myself could go by the house, for Cathcot's family lived in a house in the yard and I was well acquainted with the McDow family. He told us to hurry and they would wait for us. They went on to the horses, and we went quietly through the garden, knocked at the window and woke the family up. There we made inquiry if there had been any Federals in that neighborhood previous to our arrival. They said no. After the family were thoroughly over their fright and were convinced that we were Confederates and upon the recognition by Mrs. McDow of Cathcot and myself, we were cordially invited to a meal, which consisted mainly of a big pone of lightbread. In spite of the turbulent condition and poverty, this good woman offered to share her scanty provisions with our

boys and at once prepared for us a large pone of bread. She then cut a big plug in the pone of lightbread like you would plug a watermelon and filled it with butter; then we bid them good night and we went on to our horses with the big pone of lightbread, and all the boys were glad to get a slice of the bread, for they were hungry.

Well, I guess my readers would like to know how we lived while we were inside of the Federal lines. The people would find out where we were camped and cook a basket full of rations and bring them to us, and we would get feed for our horses from them. We would do all the harm to the railroad that we could; then we would go back into Hall County and recruit up our horses; then we would make another raid to the railroad. When inside of the lines we would tear up the railroad, cut telegraph wires, throw off trains, and do all we could to block transportation of army supplies for Sherman's Army.

Now I will carry my readers back with us into Hall County, near Gainesville, and what we did while we were there recruiting our horses, ready to make another raid into the Federal line. We had a good time out there. We would ride horseback with the girls to church and go to big corn shuckings, eat big suppers served in old-fashion style. One time just before we started back to the railroad Brother Henry came to see us from the Virginia Army and came with us inside the Federal line. We camped near Crow Springs, above Cassville. There were five of us who got permission from Lieutenant Gilreath to try and make our way home, for our people were left inside the Federal lines. We started late on evening in the direction of Cassville. We arrived at Cassville just after dark. We rode right through the town, but we never saw any Federals. We rode down to the Baptist Church and there we turned into the direction of the Male College. The moon was shining bright, and about

the time we got half way to the college we saw three Federal cavalrymen coming, meeting us from the direction of Kingston. We held a council of war and we concluded to meet them. We formed in a breast and went on, and when we got within about ten steps of them we halted them and told them to surrender. They said they would; then we rode up to them and told them to give up their arms. They gave them up and they were very much excited, for they were taken on surprise. We asked them what their mission was. They told us that they were couriers carrying a dispatch from Rome to Marietta. We told them to give up the dispatch. They gave it to us and we read it. It was from General Kilpatrick at Rome, to Captain Hayes, in Marietta, ordering up all the ambulances, breast bands, horse shoes and horse shoe nails under a heavy guard of dismounted cavalry.

Then we had the Federals and did not know what to do with them. We concluded to carry them back to the company. We turned back through Cassville and went about a mile and a half and stopped and held a council of war to decide what to do with them. We concluded to turn them loose. We told them to dismount; they dismounted, and we asked them what they thought we were going to do with them? They said they did not know. We told them we were going to turn them loose; they were delighted to hear that. We asked them where they wanted to go? They said to Cartersville. The night was cold and we gave them a blanket apiece and swapped hats with them, with their consent, and sent them on their way rejoicing. We took their horses and turned back through Cassville. We had to flank Cass Station, for there was a Federal garrison at that place. We crossed the Western & Atlantic Railroad at the Hamilton crossing, above Cass Station. We divided there and appointed that place to meet again, then each went to their home.

I lived in about one-half mile of Cass Station. Brother Henry and I went near the house, hitched our horses, went up by the barn. The moon was shining and the dogs began to bark at us, and mother came out to the back porch to see what the dogs were barking at. We walked up and spoke to her; she was the worst surprised woman you ever saw. She said how in the world did you get here? We told her that we just flanked around and came. She said that three Federal officers had just left here; their pickets are between here and Cass Station. There were two young ladies spending the night with mother. One of them was Miss Lizzie Headden; she was a sister of Dr. Headden. These two ladies watched for us while we went into the house and ate our supper. We stayed about one hour and then left and went back to our meeting point. When we got there we found the boys waiting there for us. We then went back to the company that night.

The next day we divided the company and started a general scout; thirteen of us were under Lieutenant Gilreath, went in the direction of Cass Station, and the balance, under Lieutenant Glasgo, went in the direction of Calhoun. Brother Henry and myself were with Lieutenant Gilreath. We crossed the Western & Atlantic Railroad and scouted that part of the country in broad daylight. We learned that the Federals were sending out forage wagons from Cartersville, into the Foster settlement, hauling off their corn. Although we had orders not to fight, but that was more than we could stand, and we concluded to give them the best we had if they came out that day. We went over to the back of the field, pulled off our saddles, got some corn and fed our horses and some of us lay down and went to sleep. We stayed there until about 2 o'clock; then Lieutenant Gilreath sent two men up to the corn field to see if they had come in. They soon returned and told us they were in there gathering corn. We saddled our horses, got everything in

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good shape, mounted, rode up to the fence and laid the fence down in several places so we could get out if they got too hot for us. Then we divided and attacked them in two directions. There were about forty of them. They had four four-mule wagons and two or three horses. We opened fire on them and drove them from their wagons. We thought we had made a good haul, which we had. They reinforced and charged us, and drove us back and retook their wagons, but we carried away two good horses and one prisoner with us. We never lost a man; they lost one killed, and wounded several. We learned that there were one hundred and fifty that charged us and retook the wagons without pursuing us. The prisoner that we took was from Denmark. We left that night and went back and found the rest of the company near Calhoun. They had just captured about eight hundred horses and mules that the Federals were taking back to Tennessee to recruit. We drove them through the mountains to Gainesville, Ga., and from there to Athens, and then turned them over to the government. We then returned to Gainesville and made another raid to the railroad.

Brother Dick had come from Virginia and heard that we were camped near Gainesville and came to us. He was with us on the next trip to the railroad. He also wanted to see his mother, and the same boys went to our homes again, and came very near being captured that night, but we outgeneraled them and went home. We came back to Cassville and found that town laid in ashes. It made us feel sad to see such destruction. We were also fired on by bushwhackers as we came through the mountains.

After we had done all that we could scouting inside the Federal lines, we were ordered back to our command. We went by the way of Augusta and found General Wheeler down in the lower part of South Carolina. When we got to the regiment I was surprised to find my younger

brother there. The last time I saw him was just before the battle of the 22nd of July around Atlanta, when we were marching to Decatur to attack the Federals. I was glad to see him, for I didn't know what had become of him. They were camped right in the piney woods and were smoked as black as negroes. There was quite a contrast between us and them. We had been away from the regiment three months and we had a big time on our trip. From Gainesville to Augusta we stopped and took Christmas. About fifteen miles above Augusta, after we got back to the command, we did not do anything of much note, only picket duty until the fight at Robertsville, South Carolina. There my mess-mate was captured and sent to Federal prison.

The next fight of any importance was at Aiken, S. C. There we fought General Kilpatrick hand-to-hand in the streets of Aiken and came very near capturing him. We routed him and ran him about four miles as fast as their horses could carry them. I asked an old lady if the Yankees were going much fast as they passed her house, and she said, "Yes, they were going as fast as the old Scratch could take them." They had torn up her feather bed and she was good and mad, and I didn't blame her.

When Hood's Army, what few he had left, got back with us it was enough to make the stoutest heart sad to see such a grand army as General Joseph E. Johnson had when he was removed from his command. While around Atlanta, if Johnson had been let alone, Sherman would never have gotten to the sea. Johnson was put in command again, organized an army of about thirty thousand men and he fell back to Bentonville, N. C., and there had a hard fight with Sherman.

We again kept on falling back and fighting until our cavalry reached Raleigh, N. C. There we were ordered to get corn at the depot and go on a few miles and feed our horses. We went out a piece from Raleigh, took off our bridles and fed, and while we were sitting around wait-

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ing for our horses to eat, our bugle called to mount quick and we sprang for our horses, and by the time we got into our saddles the Federal Cavalry was right on to us and every man had to take care of himself. It was the worst stampede that I ever saw, and after awhile Colonel Watts got the most of our regiment together and charged the Federals and fought them hand-to-hand until we drove them back and that gave the rest of the command time to get their regiments together. We fell back in the direction of Chapel Hill. After the fight was over I missed my brother and could not find him. A good many of the company said they saw him in the charge, but had not seen him since. I was about to conclude that he was either killed or captured, but I kept up my search for him. At last I found him at a house with some other soldiers getting their canteens full of syrup. I sure was proud when I found him, and as we rode on together to catch up with the company I says, "Fant, I believe the war has about come to a close." He says, "Why?" "Well, I don't know, but I just fell that way about it. I believe it so strong that I don't want you to expose yourself to another bullet." I said, "I won't, unless they get me before night." He said, "What are you going to do?" I told him that I would apply for a ten-days leave of absence to get fresh horses.

We fought the Federals all the way from Raleigh to Chapel Hill and went into camp. I sent up our petition to headquarters and it came back approved. We saddled our horses, bade the boys good bye and started to our grandfather's in Person County, N. C., and after we passed Hillsboro we met some soldiers on foot. I knew from their uniforms that they belonged to the Virginia Army. I asked them where General Lee's Army was. They told me that he was at Appomattox, being parolled as fast as they could. I said, "You don't mean to say that General Lee has surrendered?" They said, "He certainly has." I said to my brother, "You see I was right,

what I told you at Raleigh." We then rode on and kept on meeting squads of soldiers going home. We had been hearing of Federals just ahead of us all day, and at last we saw some cavalry at a distance coming, meeting us. I said to my brother, "They look like Federals." He said, "Yes, they do." We could do nothing else only to meet them. When they rode up one of them said, "What command do you belong to, gentlemen?" He had officers' stripes on his shoulders. We told him we belonged to Wheeler's Cavalry. He said, "I guess you think we are Federals." I said, "I would take you to be by your uniform." He said, "Well, we are not; we are just out of prison and these clothes were all the clothes we could get to wear." We bid them good bye and went on our way, rejoicing that we were not captured. We arrived at grandfather's about half an hour by sun, after riding about forty miles that day, and we were agreeably surprised to find our sister and Brother Henry there. They were very glad to see us. In a few days we heard that Generals Johnson and Wheeler had surrendered at Greensboro. Then we began to make our arrangements to start on our long journey home, about five hundred miles. Brother Dick had gone on ahead of us and was at home when we got there.

On our way home the first Federals we encountered were at the crossing of Synkie and Tugalo Rivers. Just after we crossed we met a Federal column of cavalrymen in the road. They stopped us and asked a captain that was along with us if he had any news? He then asked him if he had any papers. He told him that he did, and handed them to the officer. He read them over and told him that they were all right, that we could pass on. While we were passing the column we joked at one another. We never encountered or saw any more Federals on our way home. When we three rode up and mother saw her four sons safe at home, she was so overjoyed that she cried and hugged us and said, "Boys, I never ex-

pected to see you all get home alive." And all four of us brothers went through the war and never received a scratch. We are all living now.

There were a great many interesting things that I left out of this little book, but I gave my readers a good outline of my experience in the War Between the States.

I then took up my old occupation as a farmer. In the fall of '66 I married my sweetheart that I left behind when I went to the war and have lived happy with her ever since.

Respectfully submitted to my readers,

O. P. HARGIS,

Company I, First Georgia Cavalry, Iverson's Brigade, Allen's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

BATTLE OF KENNESAW MOUNTAIN.

June 27, 1864.

On the 27th day of June, 1864, occurred the great and famous battle of Kennesaw Mountain, which was probably the distinctive battle, fought between Dalton and Atlanta, of the Atlanta campaign, and one which will ever hold its position on the page of history as being one which conferred imperishable lustre upon the valor of American soldiery. The attack of the Federals was made with vigor, pluck and persistence, and was met with such courage and fortitude by the Confederates as alone could have made the efforts of their antagonists futile.

The attack upon the Confederate right, which lay east of Kennesaw Mountain, and just at the present station of Elizabeth on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, was made by Logan's Corps, formed in three lines, and was supported by Blair and Dodge. Nelson's 12th Louisiana occupied a strong line of rifle pits in front of them, and

held their position until the first Federal ranks had approached within twenty-five paces. They then retired to to the Confederate line of battle. The Federal troops advanced steadily. A destructive fire was opened by the Confederates from their entrenchments. For an hour the Federals, held their position, unable to advance and reluctant to retreat. Logan then ordered them to retire to the line of rifle pits which they had first captured.

After the repulse of the second assault before General Cleburne's entrenchments, the dry leaves and dead wood were set on fire by the bombshells and gun wadding, and burned rapidly around the Federal wounded. This horrible scene was observed by the Confederates, and they were ordered to suspend further battle until the Federals could carry off their wounded, who were in danger of being burned alive.

Thus the Federal wounded were rescued from such an awful fate.

In this great battle the Federal Army numbered about one hundred thousand men. The Confederates had about fifty-five thousand troops. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was eight hundred and eight men. The loss of the Federals has never been exactly reported, but it is conceded that it went up into the thousands.

General Sherman, after some three hours, withdrew the Federal's shattered batallions from all points of assault at Kennesaw Mountain and ordered a movement down the valley of Olley's Creek, toward Chattahoochee River.

General Johnston, knowing that General Sherman's movement to the south would result in breaking his communication with Atlanta, evacuated Kennesaw Mountain and Marietta on July 1, and 2, 1864. From Marietta Johnston fell back to a new position which had been prepared by Colonel Prestman. After fighting at Ruffs, Smyrna and Chattahoochee river, the great battles were fought around Atlanta, and Hood was appointed to succeed Johnston.

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BATTLE OF ATLANTA.
July 22, 1864.

On July 20th, while Thomas' wing of Sherman's Army was crossing Peachtree Creek, Hood sent the corps of Stewart and Hardee to attack him. Through bad management the attack was not made as promptly as Hood desired, nor with as good results as he had hoped; for the Confederates were repulsed with heavy loss.

McPherson, with Sherman's left wing, had already seized the Augusta railroad, and was preparing to continue his movement until he reached the Macon road, which was the main line of supply for the Confederate Army. It was necessary to check this movement, or Atlanta was in danger of speedy capture. Hardee was directed to move with his corps to the extreme left and rear of the Federal Army and attack by daylight, or as near thereafter as possible. General Wheeler, with his cavalry, was to accompany Hardee. As soon as Hardee became fully engaged, Cheatham was to take up the movement from his right, and General G. W. Smith, with the Georgia State troops, was then to join in the attack. General Stewart, on Hood's left, was not only to watch Thomas and prevent his going to the aid of Schofield and McPherson, but also to join in the battle the instant that the movement became general. The movement thus planned by Hood brought on the severest battle of the Atlanta campaign (July 22d). The attack was made with great gallantry, but was only partially successful, because Hardee had not gone entirely to the rear of the Federals before beginning to attack. The fighting was fierce, and great determination was shown on both sides. At the close of the day the Confederate right held part of the ground previously held by the Federal left. Hardee bore

off as trophies eight guns and thirteen stands of colors, while Cheatham captured five guns and five stands of colors. Both Hood and Sherman claimed the victory. But the fact that Sherman's flanking movement to the Confederate right was completely checked by this battle proves that it was more of a success to Hood than to Sherman, although the Confederates being the attacking party sustained the greater loss. General McPherson on the Federal and General William H. T. Walker, on the Confederate side, were killed in this engagement, generally known as the Battle of Atlanta.

Six days after this an attempt upon Sherman's part to turn the Confederate left brought on the battle of Ezra Church. This battle was fought by Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee, now in command of Hood's old corps, against Sherman's right, commanded on this occasion by General Howard. The Confederates were repulsed in their effort to capture the position of the Federals, who in their turn failed to take the position occupied by the Confederates.

Two great cavalry expeditions had been sent out by Sherman about this time. One column, 5,000 men, under Stoneman, was sent around the Confederate right, and another of 4,000 under Cook, around their left, with instructions to meet at Lovejoy Station, on the Macon road, and destroy the Confederate communications; then to push on to Andersonville, if possible, and release 34,000 Union prisoners confined at that place. But General Wheeler defeated McCook at Newnan, inflicting heavy losses in killed and wounded, and capturing 950 prisoners, two cannons and 1,200 horses with equipments. About the same time Generals Cobb and Iverson defeated Stoneman at Macon. Iverson pursued Stoneman, who surrendered with 500 of his men. Their horses and two cannons were also the trophies of the Confederates, and many more of Stoneman's routed troops were captured as they fled towards Eatonton.

I WAS AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE PURSUIT OF THE ENGINE, "GENERAL."

The famous engine, "General," which played such an important part in the Civil War, has been sent to Chattanooga by the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and given a prominent place in the Union Depot, where it will remain as a permanent monument to American valor.

On the morning of April 12, 1862, Captain W. A. Fuller left Atlanta in charge of the passenger train on the W. & A. Railroad. When it reached Marietta party of strangers dressed in citizen's clothes, boarded the train and paid their fares to different points. They claimed to be refugees from the Yankee lines, joining the Confederate Army, but were disguised soldiers, volunteers from Sill's Brigade, Mitchell's Corps, U. S. A., commanded by James J. Andrews, a citizen of Flemingsburg, Ky.

At Big Shanty the train stopped for breakfast, and most of the passengers and train crew left the train. The passengers had taken their seats at the table, Captain Fuller facing the train. He saw through the window some strangers get on the engine in an excited manner, and start off rapidly. He remarked to his engineer, Jeff Cain, and Anthony Murphy, the foreman of the W. & A. shops, that "Someone who has no right to do so has gone off with our train." All three arose and hurried out of the house, just as the engine passed out of sight.

Captain Fuller, Murphy and Cain commenced pursuit on foot. They soon secured a hand-card and, in spite of the obstruction placed on the track by the raiders, made rapid progress. At Etowah they found the engine "Yonah," and the pursuit then was at such a rapid pace that serious damage to the railroad by the raiders was impossible.

The "General" was abandoned by the raiders at a point about half-way between Ringgold and Graysville, on account of lack of fuel, and the close pursuit of Fuller and his party. When the fugitives abandoned the engine their leader said, "Everyone take care of himself," and they left in squads. Four of them were run down in the fork of the Chickamauga river at Graysville, and one was forcibly persuaded to tell who they were. The militia mounted on fresh horses, scoured the woods that afternoon and in a few days the last of the fugitives were captured. Later there was a trial by the military court, and eight of the number were executed in Atlanta as spies, six were paroled at City Point, Va., and eight escaped from prison in Atlanta.

The object of the raid was to burn the bridges on the line of Western & Atlantic Railroad, and thus cut off the Confederate Army from its base of supplies. There were twenty-two men engaged in the enterprise, twenty from Ohio and two from Kentucky. They were to receive $60,000 in the event of success. Prominent among the pursuers were Smith, Stern, Stokely, Peter Bracken, F. Cox, A. Martin, H. Haney.

The survivors of the Andrews' Raiders have erected a monument to their fallen comrades, and it stands today in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga.

WHY WE FAILED.

Mr. Casmara G. Lee, of Washington, a recognized authority on Civil War statistics, says the Baltimore Sun, has prepared an interesting table showing the enormous numerical superiority of the Northern Army to that of the South during the Civil War. Mr. Lee's figures show that the enlistments in the Northern Army were 2,778,304 as against 600,000 in the Confederate Army. The foreigners and negroes in the Norther nArmy was 680,917.

In the Northern Army there were—

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British-Americans	53,500
English	45,500
Other nations	74,900
Negroes	186,017
Total	978,937
Federal prisoners in Confederate Prisons	270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons	220,000

THE PARTING OF GENERALS PICKETT AND LONGSTREET.

There was one touch of humanity in the parting between Pickett and Longstreet that has just come to light after fifty years. It humanizes the hero of that daring charge to know that he was much in love. As Pickett turned to go, he placed in Longstreet's hands a letter addressed to a brown-eyed girl who yet lives. And this was the postscript which he had written in the brief interval between the cannonade and the glorious charge of Pickett's Brigade:

"'Now, my darling, I go; but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul, with every fiber of my being; that now and forever I am yours—yours, my beloved. It is almost three o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers.'

"Now the smoke of the guns lifts like a great curtain, and discloses to the eyes of the whole Army of the Potomac the sublimest spectacle of the Civil War.

"And how pitifully cruel it was! The long gray line had to cover almost a mile of open ground before it could use its guns, but it was within range of the replenished Union batteries from the start.

"The Union gunners began on it with solid shot; as the

silent line draws nearer they change to bursting shell and shrapnel. The Virginians fall like sheaves before the sickle, but the ranks silently close. About midway the line is halted and dressed under fire. Then it moves forward in the face of a storm of canister that literally mows great sections to the ground. But the shattered brigades preserve their alignment, oblique to the left, and sweep against the stone wall from which now come the cruel volleys of the infantry.

"The high-water mark of the charge was reached by Armistead's Brigade of Virginians. With his cap upon the point of his sword to guide his men like the Helmet of Navarre, he pressed far beyond the fence, rushed the batteries, and fell dying beside the guns that he had taken. So desperate was the fighting here that 20 Confederate flags were captured within a space of not a hundred yards square.

"Pickett's Division lost 2,888 men killed and wounded, of whom 1,191 were from Armistead's Brigade alone. The death which spared not his three brigadiers passed over the conscious leader with his long black hair, and the voice that had sent the men across the field of blood now gave the command to fall back. And just at that hour, far away to the Southward, Grant and Pemberton were standing under a tree arranging the details of the surrender of Vicksburg.

"Of all the descriptions of Pickett's great charge, that of the greatest human interest is the latest—his letter to the Virginia girl who later became his wife.

" 'You never saw anything like it. They moved across that field of death as a battalion marches forward in line of battle upon drill, each commander in front of his command, leading and cheering on his men. Two lines of the enemy's infantry were driven back; two lines of guns were taken—and no support came. * * *

" 'Ah, if I had only had my other two brigades, a different story would have been flashed to the world. * * *

Seven of my colonels were killed and one was mortally wounded. Nine of my lieutenant-colonels were wounded and three lieutenant-colonels were killed. Only one field officer of my whole command, Colonel Cabell, was unhurt, and the loss of my company officers was in proportion.'

"As the tumult and the shouting die, and eye turns away from Pickett and the bloody field and seeks the Chieftain who has lost. From an eminence overlooking the heroic battleground, the son of 'Light Horse Harry' Lee has seen the hopes of the Southland perish. With uncovered head he rides forward to meet Pickett, who comes slowly up the slope with the pitiful remnants of his broken legion, the tears washing the grime of battle from his cheeks. Lee's face is calm and gives no hint of the emotions within his heart. 'It was all my fault,' he says. 'Now help me to save that which remains.'

"At midnight a cavalry officer in charge of the rough wagons that were gathering up the mangled men waited at the general's tent. At last the gray outline of 'Traveler' appeared in the dim moonlight, and Lee wearily dismounted. 'This has been a sad day, General,' he said, and then leaned against his horse in utter exhaustion, seemingly unmindful of the other's presence."

"'You are much fatigued, General,' said the cavalry officer.

"'Oh, it's too bad! It's too bad!' he exclaimed. Then he gave the last command of the day—and it concerned the wounded men who had fought in vain and whose moans were the Miserere of the Lost Cause.

"The officer went to his harrowing task, and 'Traveler' was led away by an orderly. Then the Captain of the Confederacy, with his soul exceeding sorrowful, drew back the flaps of his tent and entered the valley of Gethsemane alone.

"'And he went forward a little, and fell on his face * * * .'"

A. E. F.

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How a School Teacher Fell Into the Hands of His Students.

After finishing my little book I will add in a very interesting subject, how a man by the name of Simmons, that taught school at Cassville, in Bartow County, before the Civil War, fell into the hands of his students, when he became an old man during the Civil War, trying to lead them into a trap, to be slaughtered by bushwhackers. After teaching the school at Cassville, in which several of my company went to school to him, and gave some of them some good floggings, especially Jim Kennedy, he stole a negro and ran away with him, and was never heard of any more until he fell into the hands of his students, trying to lead them into the hands of a band of Tories in the mountains of Hall County. While we were in Hall County recruiting our horses to start on another raid to the railroad, this man Simmons, but now going by the name of Smith, came to our camp for several days, looking around at our horses, and talking with the soldiers, and asking them questions, and at last one day he came to our camp and approached Lieutenant Gilreath and asked him if he would like to capture some good horses. He told him that he would like very much to do so. "Why do you ask me that question?" said the Lieutenant. Then the old man in a trembling voice said, "I know where there is a band of outlaws, and if you say so, I will lay a trap for you to capture them and their horses, and they have a lot of good horses." "All right," said the Lieutenant, "how will I find them?" The old man said, "I will locate them and let you know." So the old man left, and in a few days he came back and told the Lieutenant that he had them located. The Lieutenant asked him where they were. The old man said, "They are in the mountains of Hall County, about fifteen miles above here, and if you will have all of your men in good shape I will come back in the morning and pilot you and your company up there."

Lieutenant Gilreath told the boys what the old man had told him, and they were all anxious to go, for they wanted some good horses. They began to get their arms and ammunition ready to start the next day. Next morning the old man came, and we saddled our horses and furnished him one to ride. We had a good company and as brave a lot of boys as ever fired a gun. Lieutenant Gilreath and the old man rode at the head of the column, all in good spirits. Our aim was to go as near as we could and lie out in the woods and wait until next morning just before day and take them on surprise.

After we got about ten miles, we met a soldier that was on a furlow from the Virginia Army. We stopped him and asked him some questions. He seemed to be surprised to see the old man with us, riding at the head of the column with the Lieutenant. He knew the old man and knew that he was a Union man. He suspicioned something was wrong. He took the Lieutenant off to one side, and asked him what the old man was doing with us.

We could see from the old man's action that he was getting uneasy. The soldier told the Lieutenant that the old man was going to lead us into trouble, and "if I was you I would put him under arrest and turn back and try him by court martial." The Lieutenant believed what the soldier told him was true. Then the Lieutenant placed him under arrest and we returned to our camp. And after we were there a while—the old man was sitting on a log with his head hung down, for he looked very guilty—the boys told him that he was going to be tried and shot. And while he was sitting there his identity was discovered by Jim Kennedy, as his old school teacher, Simmons, that taught school at Cassville when he was a boy. Jim Kennedy stepped up in front of him and said, "I believe I know you." So he called out to the boys, "I know this man; this is our school teacher, Simmons." The old man tried to deny it, but it was no use, for there were too many of them that recognized him. Jim Kennedy asked him if

he remembered how he used to make him dance with a hickory. The old man would not raise his head.

The people around there came to see him, for there was a great many in the neighborhood who knew him. So the Lieutenant and several of the leading citizens talked the matter over and they advised the Lieutenant, as he was an old man, to turn him loose on the promise that he would leave that part of the country and never return, for they wanted to get rid of him, and he agreed to do so, and was released, and we never saw him any more.

So this ends the story of the old school teacher that fell into the hands of his students in time of the Civil War. We all congratulated ourselves on our escape from being slaughtered by a band of outlaws.

O. P. HARGIS,
Company I, First Georgia Cavalry, Iverson's Brigade, Allen's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

"DIXIE.'

1.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
In Dix-ie Land, whar I was born,
Early on one frosty morn-in'.

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dix-ie.
A-way! A-way! down South in Dix-ie.
A-way! A-way! A-way! down South in Dix-ie.

2.

Old Missus mar-ry Will de Weaber,
William was a gay de-ceaber.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
But when he put his arm around er,
He smiles as fierce as a forty pound-er,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

3.

His face was sharp as a butchers' cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greb her,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

4.

Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come 'an hear his song to morrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

5.

Dars buck-wheat cakes and Ingen batt-er,
Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab-ble,
To Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

2.

Old Missus marry Will de Weaber,
William was a gay de-ceaber.
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Hut when he put his arm around er,
He smiles as fierce as a forty pound-er,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

3.

His face was sharp as a butchers' cleaber,
But dat did not seem to grieve her,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat treble her beart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

4.

Now here's a health to the next old Mis-sus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come 'an hear his song to morrow,
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Chorus.

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Dars buck-wheat cakes and Ingen batt-er,
Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grab-ble,
To Dix-ie Land 'tis bound to trab-ble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land.

Chorus.

"THE HOME-SPUN DRESS."

1.

O, yes I am a Southern Girl, I glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride, than glittering wealth or fame,
I envy not the Northern Girl, her robes of beauty rare,
And diamonds grace her snowy neck, and pearls bedeck her hair.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the Home-spun dress that Southern ladies wear.

2.

The home-spun dress is plain, I know, my hat's palmetto too,
But that will show what Southern Girls for Southern rights will do.

3.

And now young men a word to you, if you would win the fair,
Go to the fields where honor calls and win your lady there.

4.

Remember that our brightest smiles is for the true and brave,
Three cheers for the soldier boys that filled an honored grave.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah for the Sunny South so dear,
Three cheers for the Home-spun dress that Southern ladies wear.

"WAR SONG."

1.

On the banks of the Potomac there was an army so grand,
Their object was to subjugate Dixie's fair land,
They say we have split this fair Union in two and altered
the color of Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.

Huzzah, Huzzah, we are a nation that is true,
We will stand by the colors of Red, White and Blue.

2.

On the plains of Manassas the Yankess we met,
And gave them a licking they will never forget,
For when they first started how little they knew,
How Southern Boys would fight under the Red, White and
Blue.
We had a nice little fight on the 12th of last June,
McGruder at Bethel cleaned up Picayune,
They commenced in the morning and lasted until two (2),
When the Glory waved over the Red, White and Blue.

3.

We had another nice little fight on the twenty-first of July,
A trip down to Richmond the Yanks thought they would
try,
They did not get far before the track they all flew,
Under the old Union banner of the Red, White and Blue.

4.

We have a brave soldier, from the rally he came,
He is our commander, General Jackson his name,
If you want to see Yankeedom tremble with fear,
Just tell them Old Stonewall has got in the rear.

5.

The gayest, the happiest, place upon earth,
Is Dixie, Sweet Dixie, the land of my birth,
I love her, I adore her, and to her I'll prove true,
We will stand by the colors of the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus.

Huzzah, Huzzah, we're a nation that's true,
We will stand by the colors of the Red, White and Blue.

"FROLICKING IN THE REAR."

1.

I never want this War to stop, while we have ammunition,
When the Yankees flank us out, and destroy our good position.

Chorus.

Then fight, let them fight, boys, never fear,
For while they are fighting we will frolic in the rear.

2.

Me thinks I see my wife at home, writing to her husband gone,
Though many months there left alone, she knows I wish to hear from home.

3.

I never want to see them more, nor stand upon my cottage floor,
Till Yankee cannon, fife, and drum, shall in our land be heard no more.

Chorus.

Let them fight, let them fight, boys, never fear,
For while they are fighting, we will frolic in the rear,

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